

# THE DACIA SAILS AT LAST ON TEST VOYAGE

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

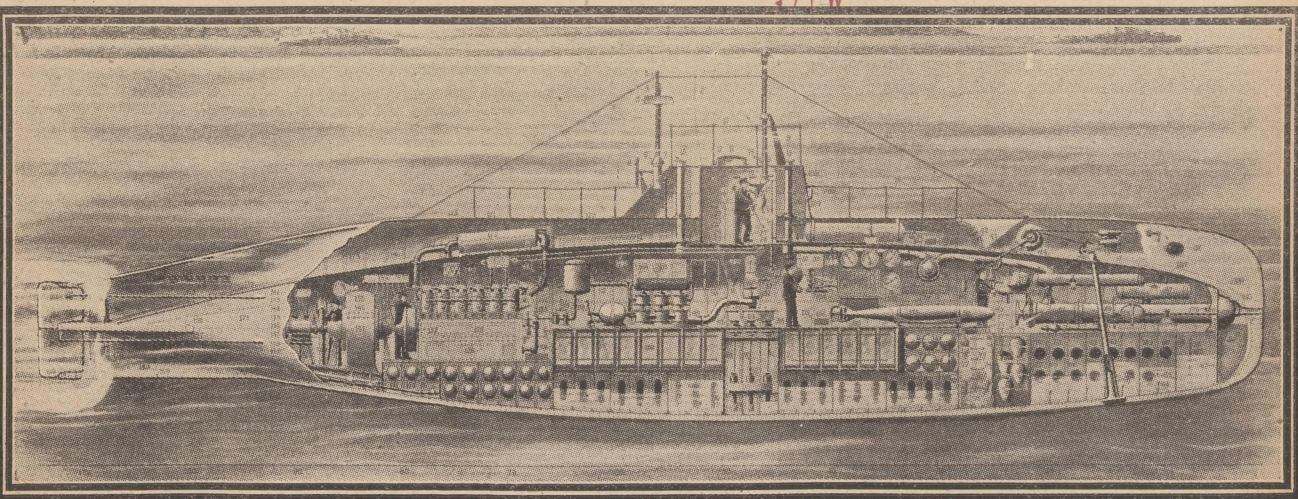
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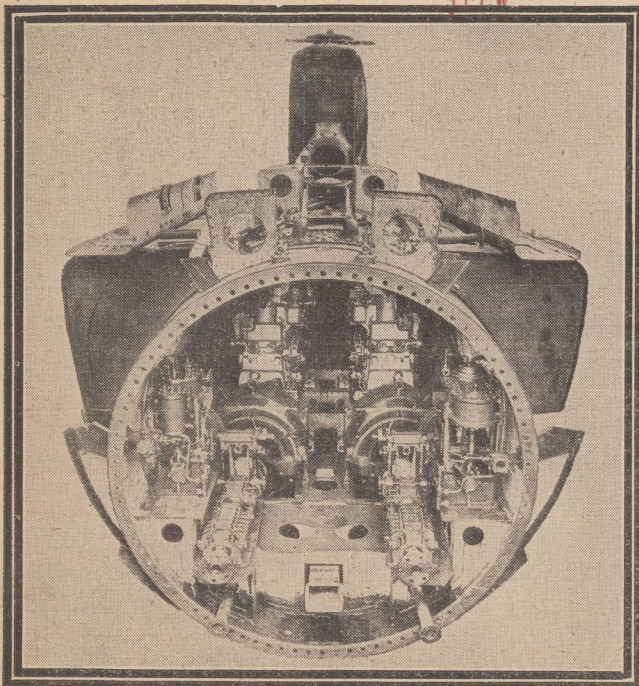
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1915

One Halfpenny.

## THE TERROR UNDER THE SEA: THE INSTRUMENT WITH WHICH GERMANY HOPES TO DESTROY BRITAIN'S TRADE.

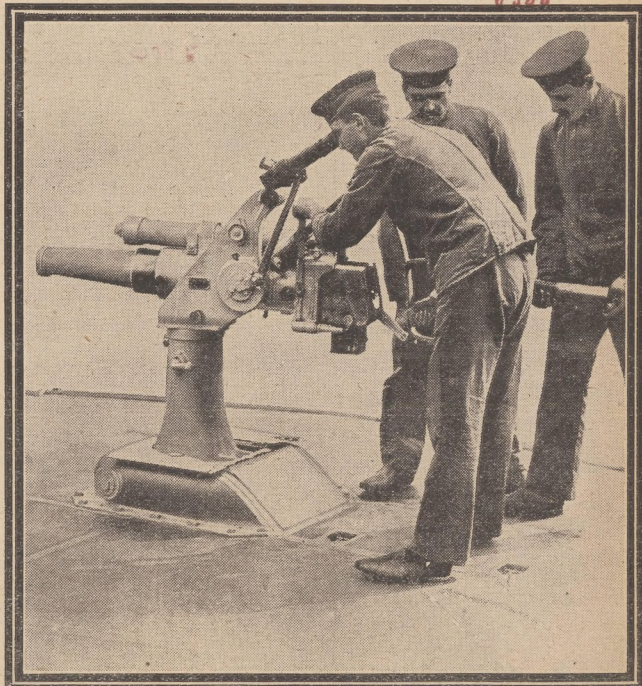


A diagram illustrating the interior of a modern submarine. The U 21 is supposed to carry eight torpedoes.



A section of a modern submarine, photographed in the course of construction. It is an affair of the most intricate mechanism.

The destruction of several small merchantmen in the Irish Sea and of larger vessels in the English Channel will be no surprise to anyone who has taken notice of the threats of German publicists and naval writers. What has occasioned surprise is the locality of these operations, and it is pointed out that a submarine of the class of



Germany's submarine gun. With this weapon the submarine becomes a sort of light cruiser in attacking merchant craft.

U 21, of about 2,000 miles radius of action, could not operate in such distant waters without assistance of supply ships or some secret fuel bases on land. It is also possible that German submarines, unknown to the Norwegian Government, have found resources on that country's coast.



## COALS BECOMING BLACK DIAMONDS.

Why Small Householders Have to Pay 2s per Cwt.

### RISING PRICES.

The price of coal is rising ominously high. It shot up another shilling a ton yesterday, and a further rise this week is regarded as within the range of probability.

The price of coal in London yesterday ranged from 32s. to 35s. a ton.

But the small householder who buys his coal by the hundredweight of the little retailer was paying at the rate of 42 per ton.

Two shillings per hundredweight is a very high figure for the poor to pay, and so *The Daily Mirror* yesterday obtained an explanation of this inflated figure from Mr. Cooper, the manager of Sir Edwin A. Cornwall's well-known London coal business.

#### WAITING AT WHARVES.

"The small retailer is finding very great difficulty in getting coal at all," he said. "He has to wait hours at the wharf for it, and then when the merchant can oblige him he naturally goes off and makes the very best price he can."

"It is not surprising that he asks 2s. per cwt. Although he gets a good margin of profit the public lumps over one another to buy his coal because they are short of it."

"Our price for the hundredweight is 1s. 9d., and this price we hope to continue, for we certainly think that an effort should be made to keep the price to the poor as low as possible."

Meanwhile the outlook in grave. First of all, there are the delays in the transport of coal on the railways.

"The collieries, the railways and the merchants are all short-handed, so many men having enlisted."

"In some pits where in normal times 1,600 or 2,000 men are employed 400 men are away."

#### LESS FROM COLLIERIES.

"In consequence of this many collieries are not turning out anything like the usual quantity of coal."

"To keep the new Army abroad is a huge business, and an enormous number of wagons, barges and ships are being used for military purposes."

"The lines are frequently blocked with military traffic. In normal times coal is brought from the pits to London in two or three days, but now time now occupied to bring it up from the collieries in the Midlands and the North of England is anything up to six weeks."

"The effect of the blockade is to produce a serious shortage of coal in London, and I should not be surprised if the price of coal went up again this week."

"The Army, of course, must stand first. In normal times half the supply of London's coal comes by water."

"Here again the supply is affected by the shortage of boats and the necessarily severe restrictions of the Admiralty."

"Dear as coal is in London, however, it is dearer still in many provincial towns. At the same time, coal is not unduly high, having regard to the difficulties arising from the war."

The Lord Mayor has been requested by the Mayor of Deptford to call a meeting of the metropolitan mayors to discuss the question of the great increase in the price of coal, which is being severely felt all over London.

The Lord Mayor has deferred a reply in the expectation that some satisfactory announcement on the subject may be made when Parliament assembles to-day.

## M.P.S' THINNED RANKS.

More Than Quarter of House Aways on War Service—Six Vacant Seats.

There will be many notable absentees from the House of Commons when the Speaker rises into the chair this afternoon. Of the 670 members more than a quarter are serving in his Majesty's forces.

So far only one M.P. has been killed in action. This was Captain A. E. B. O'Neill, Unionist member for Mid-Antrim, who met his death last November. Major Morrison-Bell, twin brother of Captain Morrison Bell, has recently been reported missing. He has been Unionist M.P. for the Honiton division of Devonshire since 1910.

One hundred and eighty peers, in round figures, are on active service. As the following figures show they have had heavier losses than the Commons:—

Killed (3)—Earl Annesley, Lord Conington, Viscount Eversdale.  
Wounded (6)—Lord Gerard, Earl of Leven and Melville, the Marquis of Northampton, the Duke of Roxburghe, Lord Somers, Marquis of Tweeddale.

Prisoners of War (2)—Earl of Erne and the Earl of Sibir.

Six vacancies have been created during the adjournment, besides the one already existing in Mid-Antrim in consequence of the death of Captain O'Neill.

Two have been caused by the deaths of Mr. Percy Hingworth and Colonel Harrison-Broadley, two more by the succession of Viscount Dalrymple and Viscount Hemsley to seats in the upper House, and two others by the appointment of Sir Frederick Low and Sir David Brynmor-Jones to judicial offices.

#### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

For England, S.E.—Mostly cloudy or overcast; some rain; fairer intervals; rather mild.

## 'S O S' CALL FROM TORPEDOED STEAMER

How Crew, Left to Their Fate by German Submarine, Got Away in Their Boats—Saved by Trawlers.

Full details, received yesterday, of the cowardly torpedoing in the Channel of two British merchantmen, one of which—the Tokomaru (6,024 tons)—was sunk, show that no notice was given to the ship by the attacking German submarine, and that no efforts were made to save the crew from drowning.

Fortunately, they were able to get away in their own boats, while their "S O S" message brought French trawlers and destroyers to their aid.

The German submarine U 21, which sank five ships, was reported yesterday to have been seen off Southport at 4 a.m.

The submarine raid has had an immediate effect on the insurance rates on coasting trade ships. These were raised yesterday by the Liverpool underwriters from 5s. to 11 per cent.

The City of Dublin Steam Packet Company's sailings to and from Liverpool, Manchester and Belfast were suspended last night.

### CREW'S DASH TO BOATS.

"This new campaign of the Germans against British merchant ships is dastardly and cowardly."

"Clearly the Germans have not any respect for human lives—not even of peaceful non-combatants on ships plying the seas."

"Our own ship, the Tokomaru, was torpedoed in the Channel without the slightest warning."

These statements were made to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday by Able-seaman P. Westerman, one of the crew of the sunken ship.

"None of us was aware even of the presence of an enemy submarine until we were attacked," he said.

"Fortunately, the whole crew—fifty-eight in number—were saved, but we may all have been drowned for all the Germans know or care."

The French official statement says that both the Tokomaru, which is a 6,000-ton cargo ship, and Shaw, Savill and Albion Line, and another British steamer, the Icaria, were torpedoed in the Channel.

The Tokomaru was sunk and the Icaria was successfully towed into Havre.

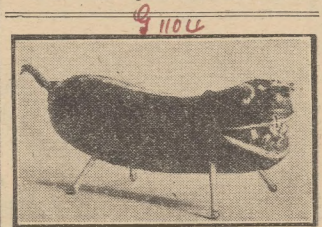
The crew of the Tokomaru received ready assistance from French vessels which happened to be near by, and have since arrived in London and are staying at the Sailors' Home in Dock-street, E.

Telling the story of the sinking of the ship, Mr. Westerman said:—

"We were bound for Havre from New Zealand, and were within about eight miles of the French port at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, when the explosion occurred which sent the ship to the bottom."

"It was a heavy, dull explosion. We were struck amidships, and immediately the vessel listed dangerously to port."

"At the time Captain Green and the third officer, he said,



A new use for German sausages has been found by an ingenious person, who turns them into German dragons. Matches form the legs and teeth.

officer were on the bridge, a part of which was smashed. The bulkheads were carried away."

"The 'S O S' signal was sent out at once, and we received quick replies from many quarters."

"Half a dozen French torpedo-boats and destroyers from Havre were there within half an hour of the explosion."

"But we did not wait to be taken off. The order was given for boats to be quickly lowered, and in ten minutes the whole of the crew got away in three of the boats."

"When we left the ship her stern was above the water and the forward decks were all awash."

"There was no internal explosion in the engine-room, though the water had entered by the scull-hole, and the firemen and engineers were up to their knees in water before they could get out."

"Seven French trawlers—mine-sweepers—had put in an appearance, and we were picked up by the nearest of these and taken to Havre."

"Captain Green and the third officer declare that they saw the periscope of the submarine as she approached the Tokomaru, and that they saw her again as she made off after firing the torpedo."

The Tokomaru's cargo was chiefly frozen meat—beef for Havre and mutton for London. She also carried a large quantity of bananas and potatoes from Tenerife and gifts from the people of New Zealand for the Belgian refugees in England.

### "SHOWED HER OUR HEELS."

A thrilling story of the chase of the Irish mail-boat Leinster by a German submarine was reported yesterday from Kingstown.

The Leinster was some distance from the Kish

lightship on her way to Kingstown from Holyhead when a German submarine appeared and chased her for several miles. The submarine, however, never got within striking distance of the Leinster owing to the latter's greater speed. Captain Birnie, of the Leinster, on arrival at Kingstown, said:—

"All the passengers were below owing to the weather when we sighted the submarine on Sunday evening twenty-five miles off the Kish lightship, Dublin Bay."

"We saw her coming from the north-west. Apparently she had been approaching sub-



Eva Garath, a Hungarian telegraph operator, who stuck to her post on the Serbian frontier until the telegraph office was destroyed by shells.

merged, for she was about a mile away when we sighted her."

"We changed our course to the westward, and she followed on the same track."

"We ran about two miles and changed again, and she followed on the same track."

"For a quarter of an hour the submarine chased us, but we were going at twenty-four and a half knots, and when we last saw her she was again coming to westward."

Yesterday the mail-boats between Holyhead and Kingstown made their usual journeys to scheduled time, except the Leinster, which was a little over twenty minutes late.

The mail-boat Ulster left Kingstown for Holyhead at the usual hour on Sunday evening, with her lifeboat ready for launching.

Three intending passengers decided on hearing that submarines were seen in the channel to abandon the journey.

### JOY IN BERLIN.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 1.—Advices from German sources say:—

The Berliner Tageblatt publishes an article by Captain Persius on the successful action of submarine U 21 off Liverpool.

The article says:—

"Especially remarkable is the theatre of the new action. Hitherto the most advanced point where our submarines have displayed activity was the western outlet of the Channel. Now the submarine weapon acts already in the Irish Sea."

"Henceforward British merchant navigation will have to reckon with the German submarine, a danger which it can only avoid when it stops its traffic."

The Post says:—

"We see that Germany's attempt to cut off the supply of victuals for the underling all foreign trade promises great success."

The Tageszeitung says:—"We hope that the commercial war is now being taken up by German submarines in British home waters, and that it will go to the root of British trans-oceanic trade."—Reuter

### NEW THE FATAL CLICK.

That a cavalry horse knows the deadly meaning of the click of a rifle bolt is illustrated by the following story told in a letter by a British trooper.

A patrol was on duty one night, he says, when the sound of galloping hoofs was heard. Nearer and nearer came the sound. The watchers stepped on and cried "Halt!" but still the horses came on.

Then the patrol eased over their safety catches and opened fire out-cuts of their rifles, the click of the bolts suggesting plainly enough what might happen. That click had a magic effect, as the rear of the patrol party, a petitioner went to Florida and advanced and found some twenty riderless horses had caused the disturbance.

### EXTRA PENSION FOR BLIND HEROES?

An appeal is made to members of the House of Commons by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, president of the National Institute for the Blind, on behalf of officers and men who have lost their sight through wounds.

"The most pressing question," he says, "is that of their pensions. I venture to ask the members of the House of Commons to consider most fully the case of these blinded soldiers when the question of pensions and allowances is brought before them."

## SPRING USHERS IN FEBRUARY 1st.

New Month Makes Its Bow with Laughter Instead of Tears.

### MODEST SNOWDROPS.

Spring, in a new season's gown of blue and gold, with a dainty white fieu and all, paid a surprise visit to town and country yesterday.

Like the flaxen-haired fairy in all well-ordered tales of magic, she waved her wand and February instead of coming in as "February Filly-Dyke" came in as the "Princely Charming" of the months.

Blue skies, with a billowy cloud here and there sailing serenely, sunshine, warm and glittering, winds caressing and tender, and the air as vitalising as champagne, were the magic gifts which spring showered on February 1.

Snowdrops, the first flowers of spring, have arrived. Quite a large number of bunches of English-grown snowdrops were on sale at Covent Garden Market yesterday.

The dainty little white flower has already pushed its way up through the hard, frost-bound earth in many suburban gardens, and a few business men came up to their offices proudly wearing one or two snowdrop blooms in their buttonholes.

At Covent Garden the bunches of snowdrops were quickly sold out, and it was difficult to obtain a single bloom after midday. They were selling at the high retail price of 4d. per bunch.

Owing to the very small supplies of early spring flowers which are now coming to Covent Garden from France, flowers generally are rather dear just now. Some prices of blooms, given to *The Daily Mirror* by a Covent Garden florist, are as follow:—

	Price.
Snowdrops .....	4d. per bunch
Carnations .....	4d. and 6d. each
Philips .....	1/6 to 2/- a dozen blooms
Daffodils .....	1/- a dozen blooms

Violets and snowdrops are both 2d. per bunch dearer than usual at this time of the year. Narcissi, stocks, mimosa and other early spring flowers are also a little dearer than in other years.

### "MARRY MAN I LOVE."

Husband Who Received Letters from Erring Wife and Her Lover.

On July 28, 1914, Colonel Sir Horace George Proctor-Bauchamp received two letters, one of which was from his wife, who wrote as follows:—

Dear Horace—I am writing to tell you that I am staying at the Great Central Hotel with Captain Darrell as his wife. I would sooner you heard it direct from me than from anyone else. I believe this fact will entitle you to take proceedings against me for bigamy. I hope you will do so soon as possible, so that I can marry the man I love—Florence.

The other letter read as follows:—

Dear Sir Horace—You are receiving a letter from your wife stating that she is staying at the above hotel as man and wife. This fact I am writing to confirm. I hope you will lose no time in taking steps to obtain divorce when Florence's future will be my whole care and her happiness my object in life—Yours truly, Harry F. Darrell.

In the Divorce Court yesterday, where these letters were read, Colonel Sir Horace George Proctor-Bauchamp, Bart., was granted a decree nisi. The co-respondent was Captain Harry F. Darrell. There was no defence.

It was stated that the German was married to his wife—an American woman in 1892, and in 1904, in consequence of differences he and his wife separated by mutual consent.

In 1907 petitioner went to Florida and in 1908 received letters from his wife admitting she had been unfaithful. He was willing to forgive his wife, but she said she had lost her affection for him.

In 1912 he succeeded to the title and came home to England. He was still willing to take his wife back, but she declined to return, and on July 28 he received the letters given above.

## NEWS ITEMS.

### An Ex-Lord Mayor Dead.

Alderman J. Royle, ex-Lord Mayor of Manchester, died yesterday.

### Almost "Stony."

London is faced with a temporary shortage of granite for road repairing owing to difficulties of transport by rail.

### Hotel Destroyed by Fire.

As the result of a fire at Clun, Shropshire, the Six Bells Hotel and two adjoining houses have been burnt to the ground.

### No Boxing in the Bath.

The Baths Committee of the Hammersmith Council has again refused to let the hall of the baths for a boxing entertainment.

### When the Zeppelins Come.

Instructions as to action to be taken in the event of an attack by hostile aircraft are being sent by the Commissioner of Police to the London Borough Councils.

### "The Butcher of Belgium."

Scores of letters are published in the New York Press denouncing President Wilson's action in sending birthday greetings to the Kaiser—"The Butcher of Belgium."



# SIX MONTHS OF WAR LEAVE GERMANY ON EDGE OF THE ABYSS

**Little to Cheer the War Lord in His First Half-Year of Slaughter.**

**AIR BOMB DROPPED NEAR INFANTS' SCHOOL.**

**Allies' Violent Artillery and Infantry Fire Checks the Enemy's Hot Attack.**

**SURPRISE ASSAULT ENDS IN GERMAN FLIGHT.**

The Kaiser has had six months of war. Now that he can survey the first half-year of a devastating conflict that has turned Europe into a shambles, how much is there accomplished to please a War Lord?

Paris and Calais are no more than a vision; German shipping has been wiped off the seas; Austria-Hungary is shattered; Turkey is on her knees.

Not a very pleasing picture. But Potsdam is ever optimistic, and now some sort of a miracle, it seems, is awaited by the Emperor and his duped people.

French official reports continue to show the gradually increasing power of the Allies.

Big guns no longer help the German commanders out of tight corners, for the Allies also have big guns, which daily show their superiority.

Artillery contests were "especially lively," says yesterday's report in the whole northern region.

Near Ypres the Germans attempted a furious attack, which was immediately checked by the Allies' artillery and infantry fire.

**BIG GUNS WRECK GERMAN TRENCHES AND SHELTERS.**

**Allies' Artillery and Infantry Fire Checks Enemy's Onslaught.**

PARIS, Feb. 1.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

Yesterday was marked, as on the preceding day, by an artillery combat, which was particularly lively in all the northern region.

To the south-east of Ypres the Germans attempted, north of the canal, an attack upon our trenches, which was instantly stopped by our combined artillery and infantry fire.

On the entire front of the Aisne, from the confluence of this river and of the Oise as far as Berry-au-Bac, our batteries succeeded in making a number of well-timed hits, in demolishing some trenches and some gun shelters and in silencing at several points the enemy's trench mortars and artillery.

In the Champagne, north-east of Mesnilles-Hurlus, we consolidated our organisation around a small wood which we seized the day before yesterday.

The day was relatively calm in the Argonne, where the Germans appear to have suffered heavily during the recent fighting.

There is nothing interesting to report on the front of the Woëvre, Lorraine and the Vosges.—Central News.

**LEFT EXPLOSIVES BEHIND.**

PARIS, Feb. 1.—The official communiqué issued this evening says:—

The night of January 31-February 1 was very quiet.

The enemy this morning violently attacked our trenches to the north of the La Basses-Bethune road. He was repulsed, and left numerous dead on the ground.

At Beaumont Hamel, north of Albert, the German infantry attempted to surprise one of our trenches, but were put to flight, leaving behind them the explosives with which they were provided.

In the Argonne there was great activity in the region of Fontaine Madame and the Bois de la Grue.

A German attack was repulsed in the direction of Bagatelle. One of our trenches which was wrecked by two mines was evacuated, but we had no losses.

In the Vosges and in Alsace no fighting has been reported. There has been a very heavy fall of snow in both regions.—Reuter.

## GERMANS' BIG LOSSES.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 1.—According to a dispatch from Aix-la-Chapelle, the German losses in Northern France have recently been very considerable.

On Saturday twenty-one hospital trains with severely wounded German soldiers passed through Aix-la-Chapelle on the way to Germany.

Sixteen field kitchens, which had been damaged by the French artillery near Craonne, also passed.—Central News.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 1.—A telegram from Berlin states that the following official communiqué from the German Main Headquarters was issued there to-day:—

"In the western theatre of war there is nothing of importance to report."

"On the East Prussian frontier there is nothing new."

"North of the Vistula, in the district south-west of Mława, we threw back the Russians from some positions facing our front which the enemy had occupied the day before."

"In Poland and south of the Vistula we gained further ground."

"South of Pilsna we reopened our attacks."—Reuter.

**KAISER IN BERLIN AGAIN.**

The Kaiser has arrived in Berlin quite unexpectedly.

It is generally believed that he will after some days' stay in the capital visit the east front, and return in a fortnight's time to the western theatre.

The *Neue Politische Correspondenz* states that during his stay near Soissons the Kaiser took up a position for a long time amidst the most heavy fire, and that it was only by urgent remonstrances that he was induced to move from his exposed position.

## TURKS FLEE AND RUSSIANS RECAPTURE TABRIZ.

**Turkish General with Staff Taken Prisoners—Division Decisively Defeated.**

PETROGRAD, Feb. 1.—The Tiflis correspondent of the *Novoye Vremya* reports that the Russian troops have achieved further important successes in the Caucasus.

The last remaining Turkish division, he says, has been decisively defeated, the enemy's headquarters have been taken by assault and all the officers, with the general commanding, are prisoners.

The fighting was of a fierce character, and took place during a heavy snowstorm in the mountain passes.

The Russians gallantly advanced through deep drifts. Large quantities of ammunition fell into the victors' hands.

The simultaneous Russian successes in Azerbaijan have had the effect of changing the attitude of the Persians, who are now friendly.

The successful progress of the Russians in this region continues, and near Hoya the situation of the Turks is critical.

The population of Trebizond is panicky.—Central News.

**FLIGHT FROM TABRIZ.**

PETROGRAD, Jan. 31.—The official communiqué regarding the operations in the Caucasus says:—

"In the fighting around Tabriz the Turks lost four field guns, provisions, ammunition and prisoners. Having been cut off from Tabriz and having suffered severe losses, they fled. On the 30th inst. we occupied Tabriz."

**BABY KILLERS AGAIN.**

PARIS, Feb. 1.—The newspapers' report from Nancy that a German aeroplane flew over the town, dropping bombs and arrows.

The bombs did no serious damage, but one fell in a school yard and slightly wounded a child.

Font-à-Mousson and Lunéville were also visited by German aeroplanes, and one man was killed at the former place.

One of the two machines which flew over Lunéville had its petrol tank pierced by a bullet and was compelled to land near Vathimel. The other escaped in the direction of Alsace.

On Friday afternoon a German aeroplane dropped bombs on Remiremont. One fell in front of an infants' school, but nobody was injured.—Reuter.

## TWO COMPANIES WIPED OUT IN BAYONET FIGHT.

**Russians Win Back Lost Trench and Defeat Every German Attack.**

PETROGRAD, Jan. 31.—The following official communiqué was issued here to-day:—

"On the left bank of the Vistula a sanguinary combat took place yesterday in the region of Borjomi."

The Germans who have occupied our trench since the 19th inst. were attacked by us during last night, and after an extremely fierce bayonet fight we dislodged the enemy from the trench, killing nearly two entire German companies."

We also captured three officers and more than sixty soldiers, as well as a quick-firing gun."

**REPULSED EVERYWHERE.**

The enemy yesterday again attempted in the daytime to make us abandon our advanced trenches, but was everywhere repulsed after fierce fighting, except at one of our saps, where some of the enemy succeeded in establishing themselves.

All along the front on the left bank of the Vistula our artillery is still continuing to bombard the enemy's positions and is obtaining admirable results."

It demolished, for example, a German observation post, damaged trenches, destroyed timber protection, rendered useless three machine guns, and silenced part of the enemy's guns."

On the Curpath front between the Duka and Vyshekov passes fighting continues. Our situation on this front is, on the whole, solid as regards our left wing. On the front Nijnia-polianka-Louvisk "it is progressing with success. We take prisoners daily."—Reuter.

## "ZEPS THAT CAME NOT."

Zeppelins that did not come disturbed a large number of Londoners last night.

All over London the rumour spread that a fleet of five German airships were on their way from Hornchurch to the metropolis.

How the rumour originated is a mystery, but within a short time it was very general.

The Romford and Hornchurch police treated the matter as a joke, and telephone calls to Harwich, Grimsby, Sheringham, Yarmouth, Hull, etc., elicited the reply in each case that all was quiet and that no raiders had been seen.

The authorities in London left nothing to chance. At certain railway stations lights were either put out altogether or considerably diminished, and trains passing over the bridges did so in darkness.

Scotland Yard was soon on the qui vive, and special constables were told to report themselves at their headquarters.

**WHY DOVER PORTS FIRED.**

Gun firing occurred from the Dover Admiralty Harbour batteries last night.

All the coast searchlights were immediately put into use, and a large number of people gathered on the sea front to see what was going on.

Rumours of a submarine attack were rife, but the cause of the firing turned out to be the attempt of a steamer to enter the harbour without complying with the port regulations.

## NATIVE RISING CRUSHED.

The following statement as to the native rising in Nyassaland (British Central Africa) was issued last night:—

A further telegram has been received from the Governor of the Protectorate reporting that, although the leader of the rebellion is still at large, he is being closely pursued.

His following has been broken up. The Governor states that captures of other ringleaders continue to be made, and that the rising may be regarded as suppressed.

## DACIA STARTS HER "TEST" VOYAGE.

**Will the Cotton Ship from America Be Seized by the British Fleet?**

## BOUND FOR HOLLAND.

The Dacia, the cotton laden steamer bought by an American citizen of German extraction—Mr. Edward N. Breitung—from her German owners, the Hamburg American Line, has begun her voyage.

A Reuter message from New York states where the Dacia sailed at noon on Sunday, bound for Rotterdam.

The vessel is liable to become a British prize, but any attempt by German intriguers in America to embroil the two English speaking races over this question is doomed to failure, and no crisis is to be looked for in the Dacia's "test case" voyage.

Mr. Joseph P. Tumulty, President Wilson's secretary, yesterday says a Central New York Washington message, declared it was preposterous to suppose that the Administration would blunder into international complications through the purchase of interned vessels under shipping bill.

Senators interpret his words as a solemn pledge that German merchantmen will not be purchased.

## UNDER AMERICAN FLAG.

When the war broke out the Dacia (3,545 tons) was lying in Port Arthur, Texas, and she remained there in refuge from the British Navy.

By Mr. Breitung, as head of a syndicate.

The Dacia was transferred to the American registry so that she could make the trip with the cotton cargo from Galveston to Bremen, in Germany, under the American flag.

That project has been abandoned, and now she is going to make for Rotterdam, in Holland, instead, the cargo to be transhipped thence to Germany.

Had Britain declared cotton to be contraband of war, the Dacia could not have been permitted to sail under any flag with a German consignment.

By a New York telegram of January 22 it was announced that the statement of British intentions issued by the British Embassy created an excellent impression.

It set forth that should the Dacia be seized and its cargo be found to consist of goods owned by United States citizens the "British Government will guarantee either to purchase the cargo at the price which would have been realised by the shippers if the cargo had reached its foreign destination or, if it be preferred, they will undertake to forward the cotton to Rotterdam without further expense to the shippers."

The Dacia's sale is not recognised by the British Government, and therefore, if the vessel is seized on leaving American territorial waters—i.e., the three-mile limit—it will be for the purpose of enabling a British Prize Court to inquire into the question of the legality of her transfer from the German to the American flag.

**NEW YORK HINT TO HUNS.**

New York, Feb. 1.—The *New York Times* has a leading article to-day on the new pro-German organisation formally inaugurated at a meeting in Washington yesterday for the purpose of "re-establishing genuine American neutrality and upholding it from commercial, financial and political subservience to foreign Powers." It says:—

"The agents of the German propaganda, vexed by the total failure of their efforts or emboldened by the good-natured tolerance of Americans, have adopted a new plan of campaign which calls for well and receive some attention."

The journal adds that the resolutions passed at the meeting were plainly intended to brew trouble between the United States and Great Britain, saying:—

"So long as the propagandists confined their efforts to argument and persuasion the American people were very indulgent and pardoned much, but when they seek to shape the acts and policy of the Government in favour of Germany it will be well for them to stop where they are."

They have about reached the permissible limit, and when in their blindness and insolence they threaten to use the ballot which our hospitable laws have placed in their hands to punish to American citizens who refuse to applaud their Kaiser's enterprises of blood and slaughter, it becomes necessary to admonish them that, apart from some of German birth and blood, all the American people stand like a rock against Germany in the war she has permitted, encouraged and provoked."

"If the pro-Germans persist in butting their heads against that rock it will be bad for their heads."—Reuter.



This photograph, taken somewhere in France, shows a British company crossing a wooden bridge. The advance guard takes either side of the thoroughfare.



## A HELPLESS KING.

9690



King, the five-year-old lion of the Wallace-Hagenbeck Circus, being prepared for an operation for abscess.

## THE "HOBOES" HOTEL.

9. 8546 D



This is a tall building converted into a hotel for New York tramps. They are made very comfortable.

## SAD DEATH OF LADY MONKSWELL.

P. 52 B



Lady Monkswell, who has just passed away very suddenly from heart failure after giving birth to a daughter. It was sad news to send to her husband, who is serving at the front with the 8th Hussars.

## CROSS-COUNTRY RACING FOR GIRLS.

Sept 150 7



In full cry after the hares.

Shot 150 7

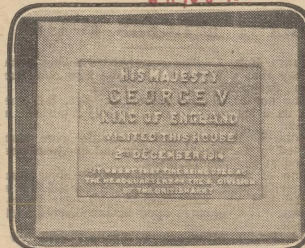


Taking a fence in first-rate style.

These photographs illustrate different phases of the Hereford Ladies' Cross-Country Hare and Hounds run at Hereford. Cross-country running for girls is becoming more and more popular as a sport in this country. The girls delight in it.

## SOLDIER CARVER.

911908 K



This tablet was carved by Corporal A. Middleton, 38th Co. Royal Engineers. It is fixed to the French house King George visited.

## WEST AFRICAN WAR.

910416 E



The explosion of a big German mine in the harbour of Duala. The concussion exploded two smaller mines.

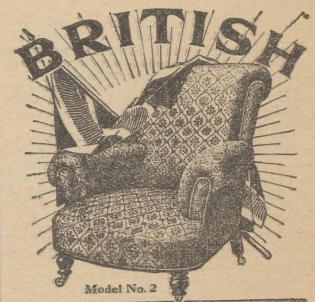


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# Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1915.

## CLOTHES AND THE WAR.

WALKING WITH CAUTIOUS SLOWNESS along our dim streets the other night, we came suddenly upon a man "well-dressed" in a sense now, we suppose, nearly obsolete: that is to say, he was wearing a top hat and an overcoat to match. "Ah, yes," we said as he passed, "and so indeed in old days it used to be—many years ago, before the war began; in days of shops brilliantly lighted and social amenities and the rest of it. This man has emerged miraculously out of that past. He belongs to a period and can be dated. He is in costume, not in clothes. He is, at this moment, the male equivalent of those feminine archaeologists who sport crinolines before an amazed crowd to remind us that they are living anachronisms who ought to have been born under the young Victoria. A top hat? Dear, dear!" No wonder the people turned round to look at him.

You will say, it is not yet as bad as all that: nor is it: we exaggerate for purposes of contrast. Still, the top hat is nowadays a dissonance, so to muddle metaphor, in the West End. As far as you can see anything at all there in the darkness, you cannot see top hats. The nuts are, we presume, at the front. They call, on leave, or dine, in uniform. And the others, with their mysterious war jobs, are "too busy to change." The top hat was already on its last legs, they say, before the war began: we conceive that the war will bring a smashing blow down upon it, and squash it, and toss it away. One of the innumerable changes in our life will thus be a change of clothes.

But we are sceptical about such revolutions being anything but changes in form. Elegance of the old head-dressing and powdered variety was killed, for example, in France by the Revolution; but swiftly a certain sans-culotte posing with revolutionary adornments and savage guillotine decorations succeeded the other sort and the Directorate found the French exquisite, after all the tragedy, fully equipped anew in his *muscadin* get-up—all waistcoat and cane and cocked hat. Sans-culotterie had swiftly a preciousness of its own. Even a war can't stop that.

And so we anxiously await the new thing that must arise for exquisite correctness of head-covering, if indeed the top hat never gets over the war. Perhaps something in khaki; but, we may be sure, nothing beautiful. No, nothing beautiful: because as regards our clothes to-day we have completely lost the will to be picturesque and the new hat, whatever it may be, will only be hard and odd like the old one, with perhaps a military dash added in conformity with the prevalent mood. Still, it is a tribute to the great change brought about just now that our clothes should be affected. Would not poor grumbling Sartor Resartus assure us that nothing else ever is much affected in humanity? When you've knocked off a top hat you've got perhaps as far as you ever will get to changing the head that wore it.

W. M.

## IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 1.—Few flowers produce such a beautiful effect as the poppy anemones. They should be given a bed of good, well-drained soil, and, if planting is done in the spring, the situation should be a sunny one.

In sheltered gardens these anemones may be planted during the autumn, but in cold localities, and where a succession of bloom is required, the roots should be set out any time this month during dry weather.

The sorts to plant are the brilliant fulgens varieties (scarlet), stellata, single and double coronaria varieties, and the precious St. Bridget anemones.

E. F. T.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

An imperturbable demeanour comes from perfect patience. Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.—R. L. Stevenson.

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### VERY CALM.

CALM IN a crisis like this one may be noble—or it may be merely selfish indifference.

When it is found in ourselves we call it noble. In other people it is merely selfish. Still, whatever the real motive of our calm, it is certainly much better than "running round in circles."

Philbeach-gardens, S.W.

R. L. M.

### A POEM OF FORGIVENESS.

AS THE recognised head of Belgian poetesses, I think I may answer the "German Hymn of Hatred" by the short poem of forgiveness I

is very clever at needlework and makes all her own clothes, even coats and costumes. She dams stockings, and I have known her to darn the fingers of gloves. In the home she is most capable, and is always bright and cheerful, in spite of Nature's severe handicap. I think to be contented in the face of a trial like this is quite grand.

I am glad you are giving publicity to the fact that one-handed or one-armed persons are practically every bit as capable and useful as those with both limbs, for those who have never known such afflicted people are apt to think them quite useless. Naturally the afflicted ones themselves are extremely sensitive to their infirmity. My friend is in a position at present where she is not at all comfortable, but she

## BIG AND LITTLE WILLIE TAKE THE POETS IN HAND.



The Kaiser has always kept his eye on the poets of Germany and he is said just now to be insisting upon war poetry from all of them, a Red Eagle being the reward for the best "hatred-of-England" poem. Meanwhile, Little Willie stands by and applauds.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

send here. It belongs to a Belgian to ask the God of all mercies to forgive the cruel oppressor who has ruined Belgium.

### A L'ALLEMAGNE.

Toi qui nous hais, Dieu te pardonne.  
Toi qui nous ruinas, Dieu te donne  
Le repentir de tes forfaits.  
Toi qui veux la guerre—Dieu sonne  
Malgré toi l'heure de la Paix.

I hope you will publish this, your paper being read in so many thousands and thousands of homes. I want our dear friends, the English men and women who read it, to know that we do not give curse for curse, but follow the precepts of the Master and forgive in our great sorrow.

MARGUERITE COPPIN.

### MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

YOUR ILLUSTRATIONS in *The Daily Mirror* entitled "How to live at one's ease with one hand" are very interesting.

I have a friend who has only her right arm down to the elbow, but I believe there is nothing she cannot do except crochet, and, after all, this is nothing material. Formerly she could not tie her own shoelaces, and used to keep to buttoned ones, but perseverance has overcome even this difficulty. She

hesitates to make any change, as she says it is very difficult to make employers believe that she really can do things as others do.

A CONSTANT READER.

### THE CHILDREN'S INTEREST.

IN REPLY to the suggestion of your correspondent "B. M. E.," that children generally regard war as a pastime invented for their amusement, I would like to point out that, judging from the numerous letters and essays on the subject appearing in the daily Press, and from the number of children who not only have, but study, war maps, most children take a very intelligent and sensible interest in the war.

INDIGNANT.

### LOVE'S INSIGHT.

Who could say that Love is blind?  
Piercing-sighted, he will find  
A thousand subtle charms that lie  
Hid from every common eye.

You that love not, blind are ye,  
Learn to love, and learn to see  
'Tis the insight of the lover  
Beauty's essence can discover.

—WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

## PATRIOTISM.

### The Real and the False Kind Defined by Some of Our Readers.

#### THE TRUE SORT.

ANYONE MUST be rather an optimist who hopes to remove the "exclusive" side of patriotism.

We all like to have somebody to despise, but we do not so much like to have to discipline ourselves so that we may really be superior to the people we despise. However, the truest patriotism is self-critical, and it is that sort of patriotism that we ought to hope the war will develop in England.

Wimbleton. A. M.

#### A DEFINITION.

IN REFERENCE to the subject of "W. M.'s" fine leader, the following words of Cardinal Mercier (contained in his pastoral letter to the Belgian people) may prove of interest to some of your readers:—

"Patriotism is an internal principle of order and of unity, an organic bond of the members of a nation, was placed by the finest thinkers of Greece and Rome at the head of the natural virtues. Aristotle, the prince of the philosophers of antiquity, held disinterested service of the city—that is, the State—to be the very ideal of human duty. And the religion of Christ makes of patriotism a positive law. There is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot. For our religion exalts the antique ideal, showing it to be realisable only in the absolute."

Patriotism is seen in its religious character. Family interests, class interests, party interests and the material good of the individual take their place in the scale of values below the ideal of patriotism, for that ideal is right, which is absolute. ENGLISHWOMAN.

#### THE FUTURE.

PAST PATRIOTISM is a thing that cannot be altered, but future patriotism is as we make it. Therefore, in the future let the nation play a truly patriotic part, and see that no soldier who returns from the war incapacitated for further work is allowed to sink into that poverty which, to our disgrace, we have inflicted upon our heroes of the past.

#### PAST AND PRESENT.

PATRIOTISM involves, as "W. M." remarks, a reverence for national art and national literature—an appreciation of all that Englishmen have done in the past, as well as an admiration for what they are doing in the present.

This being the case, have we not cause to rejoice, as patriots, in that greater precautions have been taken to safeguard our precious past treasures in the National Gallery, the British Museum, the Tate Gallery, the Wallace

Collection against bombs dropped by hostile air craft, in the event of a raid on the metropolis? I do not know if similar preventive measures have been taken regarding the works of art in the galleries and museums of our other great

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front. It costs 6d. net, at all newsagents and book-stalls.

cities—Liverpool, Birmingham, Edinburgh, etc.—but if not it is wiser to lock the stable door before the advent of the robber than to wait until after the horse has been stolen!

Louvain, Dinant, Rheims, Whitty—these bear witness against the Hun, and if we are as a nation truly patriotic shall we not see to it that the sacred records of our past in art and literature are secured by every possible precaution against projectiles aimed at them by merciless and sacrilegious hands?

A. M.

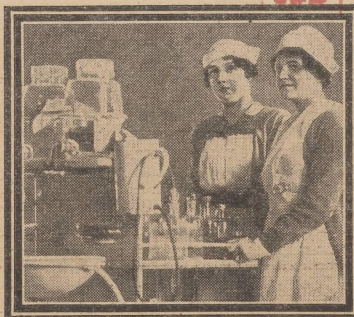


## FASHIONABLE FUR CAPE.



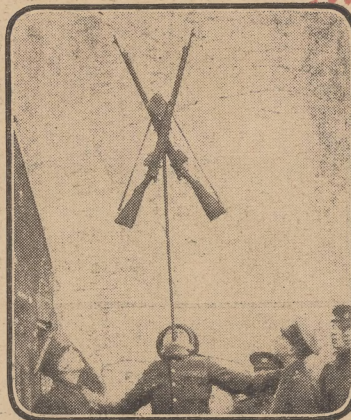
Capes of every description have been fashionable all through the autumn and winter, and the latest vogue is fur capes. A charming white ermine cape and muff, worn with a white velvet walking costume and a smart black taffeta hat.

## NURSES FROM U.S.



Miss Vera Arkwright and Miss E. Whitney, well-known Americans, are now nurses in France, at Neuilly, with the Allies.

## A SOLDIER JUGGLER.



British "Tommies" being highly entertained by a comrade, who is an expert juggler, at one of the British bases in France.

## GERMAN WRITER



This is Edward Bernstein, the famous German Socialist. He delivered a furious attack on all the German papers, on crisis, mendacity and fraud. Bernstein says that he can be trusted to a greater extent than a German's, were not allowed to live in Germany.

## NURSES ON THEIR WAY TO SERBIA.



Nurses going on board the Erin at Marseilles, where the various branches connected with the Red Cross Society joined Sir Thomas Lipton's famous yacht. Sir Thomas is seen in the photograph receiving the nurses.

## CITIZEN A

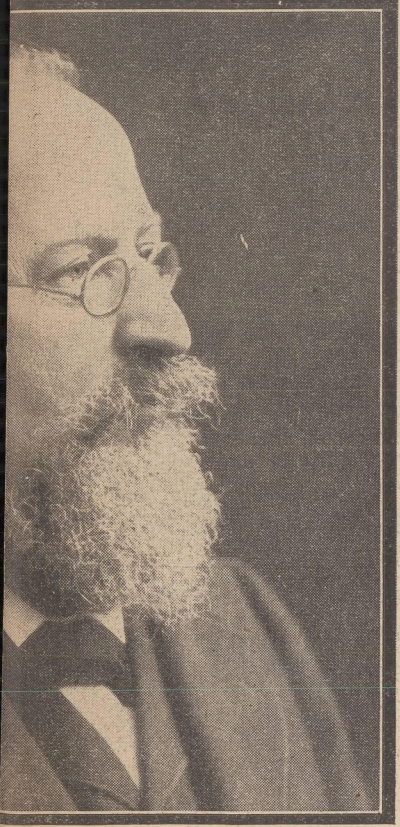


Captain Dimmer, V.C., of the Southend Battalion of the Chalkwell.



# DEFENDS BRITAIN.

P. 13640



list, who, writing to the *Leipziger Volks Zeitung*, has for traducing the British character as one of hypo- has found by experience that the word of a Britisher Germany. When German Socialists like Liebknecht y they found friends in Britain.

# TAKING A REST.

9321 E



A British general taking a rest behind the firing line. He is seen enjoying a little refreshment with his staff.

# K. OF K'S BROTHER.

P. 22 J



Colonel Kitchener, the elder brother of Lord Kitchener, who has just landed in East Africa on a special mission.

# HUNS HATE GRAND DUKE.

911908 Z



This cartoon in a German paper is typical of the land of Kultur's coarse humour. The giant form of the Grand Duke Nicholas is seen controlling a foolish caricature of the Tsar. The Grand Duke has always opposed German influence.

# FOUR HEROES.

P. 16671



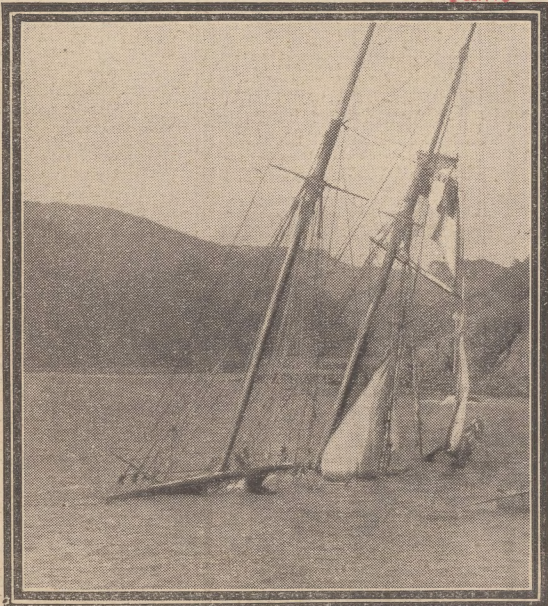
ow, who had four sons in the killed and a third wounded.



who have been killed. Both region of Honour.

# WRECK OF A SCHOONER.

92415 A



The schooner Ensign, which struck a rock while entering Salcombe Harbour, North-Devon. She was badly holed, and will become a total wreck. The crew were saved.







# JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD

## New Readers Begin Here.

### CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**JEAN DELAVAL**, a charming, clear-headed, sincere girl of twenty-four.

**LIONEL CRAVEN**, a straightforward young Englishman of twenty-eight.

**ASHLEY CRESWICK**, his half-brother. He is a moneylender.

**FAY CRESWICK**, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard scheming woman.

**DEREK TRENCH**, Lionel Craven's friend and partner.

**LIONEL CRAVEN**, on board a liner coming over from South Africa, is day-dreaming about a girl on board who interests him profoundly. He does not know anything about her—not even her name. But day after day he has become more enthralled with her beauty and personality. His day-dreams are interrupted by Derek Trench. "I've found out all about her," he says excitedly. "Her name is Jean Delaval, and she is one of the Delavals of Delaval. You know the sort of thing—poor and proud. She is a governess to the Hersteins and has refused an offer of marriage from young Herstein, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to her father who is very ill."

Lionel Craven knows then he tells Derek that he has fallen wholeheartedly in love with the girl. Derek Trench contrives to introduce them.

At first Jean Delaval cannot make Lionel Craven out. It seems to her that he is making friends too quickly—that he holds her friendship too cheaply. Lionel eventually convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity.

One night, when they are nearing Madeira, Lionel asks Jean Delaval to marry him. "I love you—I love you," he says. "It's impossible," she cries tremulously. "You hardly know me," Lionel pleads passionately, and the girl, who knows that in him she has met the one man amongst all men for her, finally consents.

They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time.

Lionel goes straight to Ashley Creswick in Kensington. Lionel tries to borrow £5,000 from him for business purposes, but meets with a rebuff. Fay comes in. Laughingly, she says that she must take her husband away for a minute.

When husband and wife are together she asks him what it is that Lionel wants. Ashley Creswick tells her.

"You must be mad," his wife says. Ashley Creswick then confesses that he has robbed Lionel of his inheritance. He thinks it better to get Lionel out of the country again. He adds that the only one who knows about the will is a bedridden old man named Delaval, who has a daughter named Jean.

As they are talking Miss Delaval calls to see Mr. Creswick. The situation is a critical one, but by clever manoeuvring Fay gets Lionel into another room. She learns from him with a shock that he is engaged to a Miss Jean Delaval.

In a heated interview with Creswick Jean promises to pay out her father's debts in a month. After getting to Lionel and breaking off the engagement, she cables to young Herstein saying that she will marry him if he will lend her £5,000 for a month.

One day when Fay is out a man speaks to her. To her horror, she recognises her first husband, Paul Schroeder, whom she thought dead. He leaves her with a threat.

Frightened as she is, she does not forget that she must get Lionel out of the country, and so she tells him that Jean has returned to South Africa. He believes it, and books a passage back.

Returning to his brother's, he finds a girl standing by his private side. He cannot mistake her. "You, Jean!" he cries hoarsely.

### A DOUBLE MYSTERY.

**JEAN DELAVAL** did not see Lionel till he spoke. She was standing with her head half-averted, and on her face, which was in profile, there was an expression of complex emotions.

She thought it was Ashley Creswick who had entered the room, and her attitude was one of shame at being caught in an equivocal situation mingled with a fierce pride which prevented her from giving any explanation, and anger with Fate, who persisted in throwing her at the mercy of a man who already had so much excuse for the exercise of his vindictive power.

In her confusion she failed to see her mistake until Lionel's voice started her, and then she wheeled round quickly to face him. The pallor of her face gave way to a sudden suffusion of colour and her eyes fastened on him with a sort of wondering fear.

They both stood quite still for a moment, so still that each could hear the quick breathing of the other, and then she came slowly towards him with little broken steps as though some weird magnetism was drawing her on.

"I don't understand," she whispered. "How did you know? How did you find me?" Her voice was like the voice of one who speaks in her sleep.

Lionel stepped forward and held her lifeless hands. The one which was unglowed was cold as ice. All his previous emotions and suspicions were swept away like chaff before the wind—his wonderment at the lighted room and the sound of her speaking, and the safe—everything passed from his mind; he only knew it was Jean who stood before him.

"My own love!" he said, brokenly. "I might have known you wouldn't..." The wild, hunted look in her eyes brought him to himself.

"But I don't understand," he went on. "You haven't gone to Africa? You didn't sail in the Inchauba?"

The fierce pressure of his grasp hurt her and he dropped her hands as he felt her struggle to extricate herself.

"Africa?—Inchauba?" she echoed in utter bewilderment. "I don't know what you are talking about. Why should I go to Africa?"

"But you booked your passage in the Inchauba."

Jean shook her head. "There's some misunderstanding," she said.

Are there two Jean Delavals, then? I have just been into the City and seen your name on the passenger list."

"Not my name," she replied. "I know nothing about it." The utter incomprehensibility of the position was slowly dawning on her, and this was asked with a puzzled frown.

"If you thought I had sailed for Africa, why have you followed me here?"

It was Lionel's turn to be amazed.

"Followed you here?" he repeated. "I haven't followed you here. I saw a light in the room and came in to see who it was."

"You mean you live here?"

"For the present, yes. This is my brother's house. If you didn't know that, I'm at a loss."

"You mean, you didn't come to see me, then?"

Jean Delaval shook her head. "I came to see Mr. Creswick," she said. "He isn't your brother?"

"Yes, he is." It was beginning to dawn on Lionel that it was fate to face with an extraordinary coincidence. His mind was not quick enough to grasp at that instant all the suspicious circumstances that remained to be cleared up. For example, the name of the passenger list, and Derek Trench's obscure warnings.

These would occur to him later, and although his brain was not rapid in its workings, it was clear to him in its conclusions; but for the present he only knew that chance, golden chance had once more thrown him together with the only woman the world held for him.

"But how can that be?" Jean asked. "Isn't your name Craven, then?"

Lionel laughed. The quaintness of the situation was beginning to occur to him. "I should have said half-brother," he replied.

Jean looked at him without speaking, biting her lip. The light was coming to her, too, and in fuller measure.

Lionel tried to take her hand again, but she shrank from him with a gesture half a fear, half a shame.

With her quick intuition, she felt certain that Lionel could not have been in that house for nearly a fortnight without divulging to his brother the name of the woman he had promised to marry, and if so, Ashley Creswick would undoubtedly have told him what sort of position the Delavals held.

Now she was face to face with him she found herself again in the clutches of that sense of fascination she had felt so strongly on board the ship coming home, but there was conflicted with it more than a faint shade of repugnance.

She hated Ashley Creswick with such acute loathing that the shadow of it fell inevitably on one who was a blood relative. These thoughts passed through her head half unconsciously, and so quickly that Lionel was speaking to her again before she knew she had been thinking.

"But what does it matter now we have met?" he cried joyfully. "Oh, Jean, if you only knew what I've been through this last week ever since I had that letter from you at the club, you'd never be unkind to a man again. Tell me you didn't mean it. Tell me you'll never give me the slip again."

Jean shook her head gravely. "But I did mean it," she said. "Oh, don't try to make me explain now. It will break my heart. If you understood everything you would see it as I do."

The smile faded from the man's lips, and the hard, glittering look in his grey eyes made the girl drop her glance. Lionel had told Fay that she looked at one as if she feared nothing on earth, but he could not have said that now.

"Sit down, there, Jean," he commanded.

"I'm going to have this matter out once and for all."

The girl obeyed with a strange pleading look in her eyes, as if she would have asked him to spare her, but before he could speak a sound reached them from the lobby outside. It was Fay's, up the stairs speaking, and while they listened she called Lionel by name.

"Where are you, Lionel?" they heard her say. Lionel uttered an exclamation of annoyance.

### WHAT LADIES PRIZE AND GIRLS NEGLECT.

Care should be exercised in choosing the preparation which is to protect the complexion against the ravages of Time and the coarsening effect of sun and wind. Undoubtedly the best is Pomeroy Skin Food, the preparation of the most notable of all Beauty Specialists. It is wonderfully good, cleansing, softening and feeding the skin. For the protection of the youthful complexion Pomeroy Skin Food at eightpence the jar is unfailingly successful. Any Chemist can supply it. British-made.—(Advt.)

ance. He had no intention of being interrupted, but he could hardly lock the door.

"Wait here for me," he said to Jean. "I'll go out to her and come back in a minute."

He closed the door behind him as he went out into the passage, and met Fay at the foot of the stairs. "Oh, there you are!" she cried, gaily. "I have been wanting to see you to know how you got on."

"Will it wait?" he asked. "I have some business with a friend in there."

"A friend? Who?"

"Oh, no one you know." He spoke the letter of the truth, but all the consciousness that it was a lie. He knew, or thought he knew, Fay's curiosity, and he knew, or thought he knew, that if he told her who was in the library his last chance of an explanation from Jean would vanish.

"Oh, never mind, then. I only wanted to know if you had satisfied yourself about the passenger list."

"Quite," he said, grimly. "Miss Delaval's name is among the second-class passengers."

Again he kept to the letter of the truth, and Fay, although she looked at him curiously, nodded as if satisfied with his reply. He parted with her, she going up the stairs to her own room, and he, after watching her out of sight, returning to the library, where he had left Jean.

But when he got back to the room the girl had vanished.

### "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

LIONEL rubbed his eyes in amazement. For a moment he felt as if he were participating in a chapter from the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment." One moment before he had been talking face to face with the girl he had pictured as already on her way back to Africa. That was startling enough to upset his reason and make him almost believe it was a vision he had seen, and not the joyful reality.

But now the vision itself had vanished into thin air. There was no sign that there had been any substance in it except the blaze of light that was still burning in the room. Nor was it a room where there was any possibility of concealment.

Plainly furnished, there was no nook or cranny where one could have hidden. The only sub-division of the apartment was a diminutive conservatory at one end—hardly more than a large bay window—and this was entirely visible from where he stood.

But while he still stood there in utter bewilderment the sudden-blowing open of the glass door which led down to the garden and the sensation

of a gust of cold air which blew through the room showed him what had happened, and he strode across to look out.

The garden outside was in darkness, but he ran down the half-dozen steps which led to the garden path and called the girl softly by name. "Jean!" he cried in a half-whisper. "Jean, where are you?"

No sound came to him but the dreary shaking of bare branches in the wind. He hurried along the path. What did it mean? Surely she was not hiding in that desolate garden? It was small, as London gardens are, and it would have been quite impossible for anything larger than a dog to have hidden itself successfully, yet although he went completely round the high wall which encircled it there was no trace of her. And then he understood. The little gate at the end, a gate which was always kept locked on the inside, had been unfastened. It led through a labyrinth of mews, and he walked fast, almost running, to the end of them. There was no sign of anyone. He had lost her again.

Slowly and reluctantly he retraced his steps into the house. His determination to find her so far from being damped by her obvious wish to escape him was raised to a fever heat of resolution.

All he knew was that she had come to see his brother Ashley, and, on learning that he, Lionel, was in the house, had fled in panic. Still, there was one bright spot in the doubtful prospect of his search. If she knew Ashley Creswick, Ashley would probably know her, and would be able to tell him where she was and how to find her.

It was no use saying to himself she must have some good reason for acting in this quixotic way. He didn't even try to frame excuses for her. He was angry, very angry. She was treating him as though he were more like a cruel persecutor than a man who had gained her love.

When he got back he stood rigidly in the middle of the room and tried to collect his thoughts. What could she want to see Ashley for? What was the explanation of the report Fay's inquiry agent had made? The man might certainly have made a mistake about the passenger list—incredible as it seemed, there might be two Jean Delavals in the world. But the other things in the report had fitted in too well to make them feasible.

He tried to recall it word for word from the imperfect record of his memory. The date of her return from Africa—that had been absolutely correct. The statement that she had gone to her father at Folkestone—that fitted in not only with the postmark of the letter he had received, but with the information Derek Trench had obtained from Mrs. Macdonald.

It would have been curious, almost incomprehensible, if the inquiry agent, after getting so completely on Jean's track, had stumbled in the end and followed the clue of a different woman with the same name.

Yet Jean had been obviously bewildered at his reference to her return to Africa and the

(Continued on page 11.)

## Blouse Pattern FREE!



HERE is a splendid blouse pattern that any girl can make up at home. There's hardly any work in it! It only requires 3½ yards of 22 inch wide striped silk, or 2½ yards of 30 inch wide material, or 2½ yards of 40 inch wide, so that it will cost next to nothing. Directions are given with the pattern, which will tell you JUST how to make it up—and a diagram which shows you EXACTLY how to cut your material. So if you've never made a blouse before—YOU CAN EASILY MAKE THIS ONE. This PATTERN is

**GIVEN AWAY IN**

## WOMAN'S WEEKLY

**Paper and Pattern—One Penny**

**OUT TO-DAY.**

**P.S.** Watch "Woman's Weekly" for FREE patterns. Several splendid patterns of blouses, skirts, underclothing, etc., will be GIVEN AWAY during the spring and summer months



# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

## Off to France.

Miss Nona McAdoo, daughter of the Secretary of the United States Treasury, has, I see, sailed in the Lusitania for Red Cross work in France. Miss McAdoo is very nearly as capable as her ubiquitous father, and whatever she takes up, she takes up with a will. She used to be the inseparable companion of Miss Eleanor Wilson (the daughter of President Wilson), whom her father subsequently married, much to the astonishment of New York and Washington society. The two girls are still the closest of friends.

## The Royal Matinee.

The royal performance at Covent Garden should be full of interest this afternoon. Apart from the attractions of "The School for Scandal," the audience will be quite amazed in its quality and quantity. As regards the play we shall, of course, all be anxious to see how Miss Irene Vanbrugh fares as Lady Teazle and what sort of Joseph we have in Mr. Ainley.

## When the Kaiser Laughed.

I shall be reminded myself of another royal performance—one that took place at Drury Lane—when "Money" was the play and the Kaiser accompanied King George and Queen Mary. The only time I have ever seen the Kaiser laugh was when Sir Herbert Tree produced his ridiculous black-bordered handkerchief.

## Deserter Drives.

A friendly neutral who has only recently come back from Berlin tells me that the latest sport in the German capital is for the police to organise "deserter drives." The first evening he got to Berlin he was walking down the Friedrichstrasse—the Strand of Berlin—and was stopped no fewer than five times by plain clothes policemen, who said to him, "Sind Sie militärfrei?" ("Are you exempt from military service?"). In each case his papers were carefully examined and once he was asked to go to the police station.

## Nobody Wants Diamonds.

Diamonds are going a-begging. This is the melancholy truth revealed to me by correspondents apropos of my paragraph yesterday about pearls. Despite the restriction of output in South Africa and all the efforts of the "Diamond Syndicate" to keep up the price of diamonds, the values of the precious stones have gone down by a full half. Of course, jewellers still charge their old-time prices, but anyone who has diamonds to sell just now is soon made to realise that there is an unprecedented slump.

## Pawnbrokers Won't Pawn.

To such an extent have prices fallen that most London pawnbrokers will only make petty advances on valuables, and where £100 could be obtained before the war, it is difficult to get £50. According to my correspondents, many of the pawnbrokers who used to give guarantees that they would buy back or advance the amount paid for goods, less 10 per cent., are now repudiating their contracts. But the war is not the only factor responsible for this. Jewellers complain that the extravagant post-Boer War period is over and "no jewels" is the fashion to-day.

## Rise and Fall.

"Markets rising in Berlin," says a headline. But there is surely a fall in spirits.

## Burglar Bill—

Has it ever occurred to you how extraordinarily quiet criminals generally are at the present time? I was talking to an old "lag" yesterday, one who has now reformed, and who is sometimes engaged in pointing out the error of their ways to others, and he told me that the idea of a criminal being the enemy of mankind is an entirely mistaken one.

## —As Patriot.

"A criminal," he said, "is no worse than a bank which charges you on your overdraft a half per cent. higher than was arranged. A criminal becomes a criminal much in the same way as a man becomes a financier—because he has a special talent or adaptability for it. When it comes to a question of his country he is as good a patriot as any."

## The Two Letters.

Between two trenches which had been hotly disputed a couple of soldiers lay, their last fight over. One was a Saxon—the other a Frenchman. Each had in his pocket a letter thanking his wife for her affectionate remembrance of an absent husband. The German soldier wrote: "My Dear Hilda.—Thanks for the sausages. No present could have given me more pleasure. In the terrible life we lead our only happiness is to eat. Did you receive the gold watch I sent you? I found it in the house of a wealthy bourgeois at Veuziers."

## The Other.

The Frenchman wrote: "Louise, Darling, How happy you made me by sending me your portrait. You did well to have it taken again, for the former dear photo, owing to the dampness of the trenches, was beginning to fade. I find your new expression a little 'triste,' but I love you all the more for that. When I have a moment's leisure I will compare the two photos. It is my greatest and only joy here." Comment is somewhat superfluous.

## Step This Way, Please.

The footballs continue to come in steadily, and quite a respectable start has been made towards the second thousand. We reached 1,500 at the end of last week, and yesterday afternoon we had increased the total by sixty-three. But the demand for them seems insatiable, and it is surprising to see, from a fresh batch of letters I had yesterday morning from the front, the number of battalions that have not seen a football for months. Please keep the good work going forward.

## Lord Lonsdale's "Double."

Prince Yussupoff, the Tsar's Envoy who has gone over to France to hand the Russian Order of St. George to Sir John French, figured in an amusing little incident at the Ritz the other day. The Prince, who was in khaki, spent quite a long-time chatting to Mr. Lancelot Lowther under the impression that he was talking to Lord Lonsdale, whom Mr. Lowther much resembles.

## "It's an Ill Wind—"

On all sides one hears complaints about the darkness of the streets of London, but I actually found a man who has nothing but praise for the non-lighting authorities. He is the owner of a motor repair shop, and he tells me that since the dimming of the street lights he had been overwhelmed with business. Most of the accidents are slight, but they are so numerous that he is reaping a young fortune.

## His Prayer.

"Dear God, please bless mamma and papa, and—please don't help the Germans, the Austrians and the Turks—they're our enemies." This is the quaint ending of a prayer, made up by himself, which is said every night by Leonard Geffen, a little London boy of five. Leonard has determined to enlist on his sixth birthday, so he has just



Leonard Geffen.

had his curls cut off. "Wouldn't it be funny to see a soldier with curls?" he said. "They might think I was a nurse in disguise!"

## A Child's Irony.

Friends of Leonard are keeping a record of his sayings. The other day he was out walking with a little girl, when he lost his temper and smacked her. Asked why he was so naughty, he said, "I think Satan must have got hold of me—just like the Kaiser. I've got two soldier brothers, and if they knew I had smacked a little girl they would both be very angry. I think they'd shoot me." No, I don't think they would, because only Germans kill little boys! Withering sentiments, indeed, from a baby of five!

## No Shortage of Verse.

If Germany is threatened with a shortage of food and ammunition she has no need to fear any drying up of the well springs of poetry. War always brings with it poems by the thousand, but I don't suppose any nation can be suffering so much as Germany from the outpourings of the minor poet. A statistically-minded professor estimates in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that since war began more than a million patriotic poems have appeared.

## A Minor Tragedy.

A body of enthusiastic patriots, some of whom are known personally to me, suffered a grievous blow to their pride the other day. A company of one of the "Middle-Aged Athletics" Corps was marching through the main street of a London suburb. The men, who wore nothing in the way of a uniform beyond an armband, swung along in fine form, heads up, chests out. Sad to relate, their passing went unnoticed save by a little girl on a doorstep, who called excitedly to her mother in the house: "Mummy! Come here, quick! Here's a lot of German prisoners going down the street!"

## The Christening of Joan.

There was a great forging of theatrical folk at St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington, on Sunday afternoon, when Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Playfair's baby girl was christened before an admiring audience. Little Miss Joan—who was, of course, the centre of the scene—stood the ordeal very well. She took to the water like a duck, although her manly young brother—aged two years—got quite frightened on her behalf.

## The Evening Party.

In the evening I joined a very happy dinner-party, which Mr. Playfair had invited to the Carlton in honour of Little Joan and her christening. I sat next to Delysia, the fairest of our French allies, who has been so successful in "Odds and Ends" at the Ambassadors. I could not help noticing her beautifully plumed white hat—the plume got in my eye so often.



Mile. Delysia.

English food. Delysia is delighted with England and all its ways. But most of all she told me that she likes English food. Roast beef and roast mutton with currant jelly are two things she tells me that are worth a journey across the world to London. Now, you English cooks, please bow.

## Everybody Cheerful.

As for our proud and happy father—and between you and me he was very proud indeed—Mr. Playfair made a delightful host to a cheery party. Amongst others there were Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Cochran and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grattan. The cares of an Empire rest lightly on Mr. Cochran's shoulders. By the way, Mr. Grattan is writing the new revue there.

## The Call to Arms.

My reference to the response of the theatrical world to the call to arms has brought me an interesting letter from Mr. Eric Maturin. "The report of my stage career and walk to Brighton, etc., is correct," he writes, "but there is another Maturin with initial E in the Army Service Corps (a cousin), and he it is who is captain of that branch of service." Mr. Eric Maturin has been always from the start 1st lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery, and he thinks the photograph is that of another.

## Spring Fashions.

My cousin is an ardent first-nighter, and loves to go to as many new plays as she can possibly manage in her busy social life. She tells me that at the interesting revival of that enjoyable farce "Are You a Mason?" there are some delightful dresses and hats to be worn which will denote the trend of spring attire, and that it is quite true that pleats and general fullness everywhere will be the future "line." The manufacturers of cloth should once again come into their own, for the skimpy skirts and short jackets will soon be a thing of the past.

## Men in Khaki.

A friend of mine has discovered a new amusement. He makes bets with himself all day long as to when and where he will meet the next man in khaki. It's quite an exciting little game, because the next man in khaki is to be met every two or three yards now.

## A National Dress.

A year ago we used to look twice at a man in uniform. We don't now. Khaki is everywhere. In every train, in every street, in nearly every omnibus there is a man in khaki. No one looks at the khaki men much. It seems to have become a sort of national dress.

THE RAMBLER.

## LATEST METHODS IN DENTISTRY AT LOWEST FEES.



Bridge-Work, an assemblage of Gold and Porcelain Crowns.

If you do not like the old-fashioned system of Artificial Teeth with cumbersome plates the above illustration should interest you. It shows how almost an entire set of teeth can be permanently fixed in the mouth, without any covering of the palate, by the improved system of Bridge-Work as practised at GOODMAN'S, LTD., one of the largest Dental Organisations in the World and the ORIGINATORS OF ECONOMICAL DENTISTRY.

All Branches of Dentistry at lowest possible prices for RELIABLE work. SETS OF TEETH FROM ONE GUINEA. FIVE YEARS' WARRANTY. Painless Treatment Throughout. CONSULTATIONS FREE. Repairs in a few hours. Rapid work for country patients. Specially reduced fees during the war to persons of limited means.

## A WARNING.

There are many would-be imitators of the celebrated System of Economical Dentistry originated by Messrs. GOODMAN over THIRTY YEARS AGO. But the public are advised that in so serious a matter as the treatment of the teeth the reputation and experience of those undertaking such work are of the highest importance and should be investigated. The successful practice maintained by Messrs. Goodman for over a quarter of a century affords an assurance of reliable work that stands unique.

## NOTE WHAT THE PRESS SAYS ABOUT GOODMAN'S DENTISTRY.

"One of the largest practices in the World. Can do everything science and experience suggest to satisfy every customer."—*Truth*.

"Artificial teeth, formerly the luxury of the rich, are now within reach of the poorest. The prime mover in this dental revolution is Goodman, of Ludgate Hill."—*Evening News*.

Their prices are certainly extremely reasonable. As to their skill they quote convincing testimonials."—*John Bull*.

MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS, the eminent actor, writes: "Pleased to testify to what has proved wonderful work and fabulously cheap." Illustrated pamphlet, "Economical Dentistry," post free on application to Secretary.

GOODMAN'S, LTD., 2, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. (facing St. Paul's). Hours, 10 to 7.30. Saturday, 10 to 4. Telephone, 781 City.

Also at 10, Castle-square, Brighton, and 17, Ranelagh-street, Liverpool; also at Windsor, Kingston, Aldershot, Edinburgh, Glasgow, etc.



## The Grip of Influenza

Almost worse than Influenza itself is the dreadful weakness that it leaves behind.

Hall's Wine overcomes that weakness! Hall's Wine swiftly builds up your strength, most surely staves off further illness, most safely brings sound health and joy and vigour back into your life.

## Letters from Medical Men—

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317





## LEAD BY HALF MILLION.

Tonnage Output of British Shipyards  
Exceeds That of All Rest of World.

## 656 VESSELS IN ONE YEAR.

That the tonnage of merchant ships built in the United Kingdom during 1914 exceeded that of the vessels constructed by the rest of the world is one of the interesting facts disclosed in the annual summary which has just been published by "Lloyd's Register."

During that year 656 vessels, of 1,683,553 tons gross, were launched in the United Kingdom. Outside the British Isles there were launched 663 vessels, of 1,169,200 tons—514,353 tons less than the output of British yards.

The Clyde district occupied the first place among the shipbuilding centres of the country, showing an output of 444,821 tons. The output of other centres was as follows:—

	Tons.		Tons.
The Tyne .....	315,585	Middlesbrough ..	137,165
The Wear .....	277,528	Hartlepool .....	134,419
Belfast .....	239,819		

The output of mercantile tonnage showed a decrease of 248,600 tons on that of 1913, which was the highest ever reached.

Of the total output 75 per cent. of 1,273,530 tons (1,267,707 steam tons and 5,823 sailing tons) were built for registration in the United Kingdom.

## ALL ABOUT THE RIFLE.

The result of six years of solid labour by Mr. E. J. Solano, perhaps the greatest living expert on rifle shooting, has been published in a book called "Musketry."

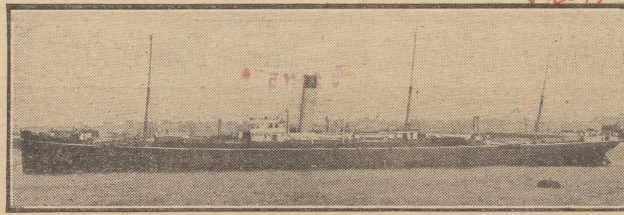
There is nothing that the officer or young recruit or the trained soldier can learn about his weapon that is not embodied in the book. It also contains a preface written by General Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., describing the great differences between English and German shooting as exemplified in the war. It is published by John Murray at 1s. net.

## EXTRA PENSION FOR BLIND HEROES?

An appeal is made to members of the House of Commons, by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, president of the National Institute for the Blind, on behalf of officers and men who have lost their sight through wounds.

"The most pressing question," he says, "is that of their pensions. I venture to ask the members of the House of Commons to consider most fully the case of these blinded soldiers when the question of pensions and allowances is brought before them."

## THE TORPEDOED TOKOMARU.



The Tokomaru, the merchant ship torpedoed by a German submarine without warning to her crew. The vessel was going into Havre.

## LET CAPTIVES SHIVER.

That many British prisoners in Germany have as yet no blankets to protect them from the cold is a charge made by Mr. Frederick Palmer, the American war correspondent.

In an article in *Everybody's Magazine* (New York) he describes the unfair treatment accorded by Germany to her captives as follows:—

"On a sandy knoll at Doberitz, fully exposed to the bleak wind, the prisoners sleep on straw ticks inside of big cavalry tents.

"They wear the clothes in which they were captured, unless their Government, through the American Ambassador, has provided them with others.

"The British Government has sent to British prisoners in Germany thick suits of winter underclothes and socks and coats, while the Germans agreed to furnish two blankets apiece.

"Most of the prisoners had not yet received these blankets when I was in Berlin.

"England supplies her prisoners with a full outfit of clothing and blankets and feeds them with the regular British army ration.

## LAST NIGHT'S BOXING.

At the National Sporting Club last night George Matthews, of Hanley, and Lance-Corporal McAdam boxed a draw in a ten rounds contest.

At the Ring last night Alec Lambert beat Fred Housego on points in a twenty rounds contest.

After an interesting bout at the New Cross Baths last night Curly Walker, the bantam-weight champion, beat Bill Beynon, the champion, on points over twenty rounds.

In a League match at Oldham yesterday Sunderland beat Oldham by 5 goals to 4.

## Just Like Other Men

(Continued from page 9.)

booking of her passage on the Inchaba. There was at least no doubt about that. Whoever had booked a passage, she certainly knew nothing about it.

While he stood there thinking his eyes wandered slowly round the room, and at last fell on the safe which stood in a corner. With a flash of recollection, he remembered suddenly that when he entered the room he had seen the door of the safe shut with that metallic sound he knew so well.

Surely Jean wouldn't...? He walked over to it and pulled at the handle of the door. It was not locked, and came open easily to his touch. As it opened something dropped to the floor, and he stooped to pick it up. It was a piece of white fur, the tail from a lady's stole. He examined it carefully, and, with a tingling sense of shame, he recognised it. It was the same fur that Jean had been wearing.

He closed the safe quietly as he heard the door open behind him.

"What are you doing with that safe, Lionel?" asked Fay Crewick.

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

## ENGLISH CUP DRAW.

The draw for the third round of the English Cup was made yesterday as follows:—

Manchester City v. Chelsea; Bradford City v. Norwich; Southampton v. Hull City; Sheffield Wednesday v. Swansea or Newcastle; Brighton or Birmingham v. Oldham; Bolton or Millwall v. Burnley; Sheffield United v. Bradford; Rangers v. Everton.

To be played on February 20. Kick-off, three o'clock. The recommendation of the finance committee that the final tie shall not be played in London was agreed to.

## Diabetes

Simple Herb Quickly Cures This  
Dread Disease to Stay Cured.

Diabetes has heretofore been considered incurable, and the only hope held out to the afflicted has been to prolong their years by strict dieting. A plant recently discovered in Mexico, called Diabetol Herb, has been found to be a specific in the treatment of diabetes, quickly reducing the specific gravity and sugar, restoring vigour, and building up the system.

This harmless vegetable remedy will relieve the patient of his worst symptoms in the most aggravated cases within a week, and to meet it we will post the first 2s. 6d. package for 1s. with free booklet of special value to the diabetic, containing latest diet list and exclusive table of food values, giving percentage of starch and sugar (carbohydrates) in 250 different foods.

Tell your afflicted friends of this offer, and send 1s. to-day for a full-sized 2s. 6d. package; AMES CHEMICAL CO. (Dept. 1A), 8, Boulevard-street, London, E.C. You may purchase Diabetol at ordinary retail prices of Boots, Taylor's and other chemists.—(Advt.)

## URIC ACID SOLVENT.

2/- BOX FREE.

Just because you start the day worried and tired, stiff legs and arms and muscles, and aching head, burning and bearing down pains in the back—worn out before the day begins, do not think you have to stay in that condition.

Be strong, well and vigorous, with no more pain from stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatic suffering, aching back or kidney disease.

For any form of bladder trouble or weakness, its action is really wonderful. Those sufferers who are in and out of bed half a dozen times a night will appreciate the rest, comfort and strength this treatment gives.

To prove the Delano Treatment conquers rheumatism, kidney and bladder diseases, and all uric acid troubles, no matter how chronic or stubborn, if you have never used it, we will give you 2s. box free, if you will cut out this notice and send it with your name and address, with 6d. to help pay distribution expenses, to the Delano Co. (Dept. 1E), 8, Boulevard-street, London, E.C. Send at once, and you will receive by parcel post a regular 2s. box, without charge and without incurring any obligation. One box only to an address.—(Advt.)



Trust a mother to know the best—  
**PERFECT MARGARINE**

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and the children's delight!  
Fine in flavour, nutritious  
as well—and the price—

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Tuesday, February 2, 1915.

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

## OFFICERS WITH CAMERAS.

When you are sending home SNAPSHOTS of interesting happenings at the front or on the high seas, why not send them to "The Daily Mirror," 23-29, Boulevard Street, London, E.C., which pays liberally for all war photographs used?

### TORPEDOED BUT HAPPY: CREW OF THE TOKOMARU GLAD TO BE ALIVE.

9.2045 E

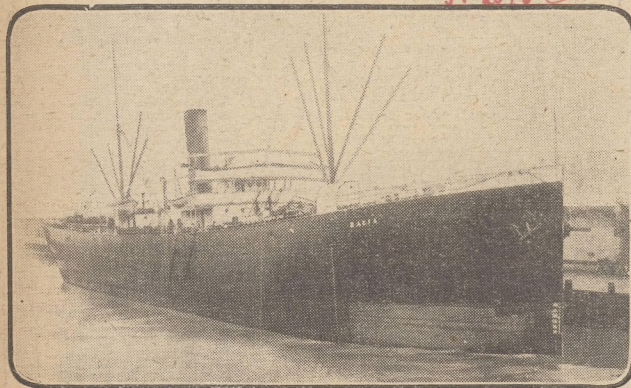


Members of the crew of the Tokomaru, which was torpedoed without any warning by a German submarine. These men would all have perished but for the lucky fact that some French merchant vessels happened to be in the vicinity, and speedily rendered

assistance. The crew were all got away in boats before the ship sank. The submarine disappeared after launching its projectile. Still, the Tokomaru's men look cheerful enough now outside the Sailors' Home.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

### THE DACIA SAILS ON HER TEST VOYAGE.

9.2045 E



The former Hamburg-American liner, Dacia, seen in the photograph, having been taken over by Mr. Edward N. Breitung, of Michigan, an American of German extraction, has sailed from New York with 12,000 bales of cotton for Germany. Her cargo will be seized by British ships.

### A HARD TASK: DIGGING OUT A CHARGER.

9.2045 J



In this photograph some men of Kitchener's Army, belonging to the Royal Artillery, are seen extracting a horse that has fallen into a ditch on Salisbury Plain. It will be noticed that one of the men is using a spade to dig out the animal, which was none the worse for its adventure.

### BUSMEN'S LOCK-OUT

9.12190



Men of the National Steam Car Company, locked out as the result of a dispute, cheer the driver of a rival company's omnibus.

### CAPTURED CAPTAIN.

P.16246



This is Captain Erdmann, who was in command of the Bluecher when she was sunk. He is now a prisoner in England.

### INJURED PRINCE.

P.1908



Prince August Wilhelm, one of the Kaiser's sons, who was injured in a motor-car accident, is seen driving with his wife in Berlin.